

# The Deplozation of the Cruel murther of James Erle

of Murray, vniuersall Regent of Scotland, togidder with ane admonitioun to the Hammiltounis committaris thair of, and to all thair Forfeitis, mante naris, or assistance, with ane Erhortatioun to the Lordis and Nobilitie, keiparis and Defendaris of our Kingis Grace Maiestie.

**W**hile as with flesche, and blude we go about,  
The wondrous workis of God for to discerne,  
Sans quibill we pleis, we sal not find same out  
For sail Judge God, aganis all reason striue.  
Quhen as he schollis, proude schollers to depriue  
The lyuis from sic, as halely wes his,  
Be Cruell murther, thame reuthles for to riue  
The flesche of man can neuer consider this.

**W**ot quha that wald the mater vnderstand,  
He man luke lawer, and enter in the spreit,  
And than he sal persall, the cause fra hand,  
That God workis na thing, but as a Judge discreit.  
Quhen as the peill with sinnis ar repleit  
Without remorse, as thay ar, at this houris  
Than to that end, his plaiges be may compleit,  
He takis from thame thair godly Souenouris.

**A**nd this he vllis mony syndie foris,  
Sum tyme be seknes, in to thair beddis to be,  
Sum tyme be trauouris, but not for thair confortis,  
For to that end, thay suld distroy be.  
And raris furth clene out of memorie,  
Be tholis sic wickit, proude Conspiratouris,  
To execute thair lurking traytoir,  
And bring to deith thair godly Souenouris.

**W**e se also the wickit of the world, 1. Jo. 3.  
Still beir the godly ar deidly Indignatioun,  
Sum tyme be trauouris, ar Innocentis ouerhard,  
And chocht crew men, haif beir bor tribulatioun.  
We suld not haif sic thingis in admiratioun,  
As gif it wer, ane new thing chanst to man,  
For sa it was, euen from the first Creatioun,  
And still hes bene, sen that this world began.

**T**his moztall feid, ths hairrent and Inuie,  
Did first begin, as Gods awin buke dois tell,  
As in the Genesis we may plainly spie, Gen. 4.  
Betwixt rwa bether, Cain and Abell,  
Cain aganis his bjothir did rebell,  
And suller not, to schid his saikles blude  
And for this cause, I pray zow mark it well,  
His warkis war euill, and faichfull Abells gude.

**A**nd of this rwa, this haill world did descend,  
Quibill neuer can, amangis thame selfis aggre,  
For baith thair offspringis may be cleirly kend,  
Curk Cains Clan, be thair Impietie,  
And Abells seid for richt and equitie,  
And thus all murtherers ar descendit down  
Of Curk Cain, and his posteritie,  
As is the Tyrane, and Traitor Hammiltoun.

**F**or luke how Justice was the betray cause,  
To curk Cain, his bjothir for to kill,  
Sa is it zit, but dour, the only clause,  
That moues the wickit, buto thair Raging still.  
Thay gloir na thing, but euer in to ill,  
And makis thame euer, but mercy to maligne,  
And quhen thay may, thair wickit wayis fulfill,  
Thay will not thole, ane godly man to Rigne.

**T**he Jobartoun heirof.  
To preit this part, I plainly mycht propone,  
Exemplis seir, maist Rotabill and trew,  
For for thame all, I will bot vfe heit one,  
Of our deir Maister, and Sauour Christ Jescu.  
In quhome na spot of sin, it neuer grew,  
Sit nocht theles, the bischoppis mycht not hyde him,  
Quhill on a Croce, on lenth and bheid him drew,  
And hangit vp for spye, rwa thenis belyde him.

**F**or to mak mentionn of the Marter dome  
Of Gods Propheis, it wer sum thing to lang,  
And for to reckon the reuthles rage of Rome,  
Quhair sundie godly, thay dulefullie down dang.  
It wer prolixt, thairfor I let this gang,  
And to my purpos bnt proces maie proceed,  
How wickit men delrys ay in to wrag,  
And may not suffer to haif ane godly heid.

**S**en sa it was, that Christ baith God and man,  
With his Apostillis, and Propheis gat na rest,  
But euer batir be Cain, and his clan,  
As Gods trew word dois mak it manifest.  
We suld not grude, howbeit we be opprest,  
As was our Maister, and brythene vs beforene,  
For be allurit it will cum for the best,  
And better to thame that thay had neuer bene bozne.

**I** mene not heit, that thay suld pas unpunisht,  
For thair crespas, noz neuer sic thing chocht,  
For than suld Justice and Law be clene diminisht  
Gif thay war spairit, this wickit work hes woche.  
That our gude gyde to baillfull beir hes brocht,  
Lat vs assemble thairfor with curage flour,  
And lat thay trauouris, out thow this land be socht,  
And neuer leif thame till thay be ruit out.

**A**ne admonitioun to all the Hammiltounis  
and thair assistaris, counsallaris, and  
pertakeris of this maist vile and  
abominabill Murther.

**O** teinfull trauouris, quhy did ze him deuoir?  
Maist schamefullie, that punest euerie vice,  
Quha wes the cheif mantener of Gods gloir,  
In to this Realme, and lufit all Justice.  
Zow baillfull blude can neuer pay the price  
Of his deir deith, woche be zow wickitnes.  
Wa worth zow Willanis, that flew that Prince maist  
For na cause ellis, but for his richteounes. (wile,

**F**or sen ze first in to this Realme began,  
Ze wer ay callit for zow ryanie  
Strepis of the Schyre, the maist vnwoythie clan  
That euer wes bred, or sene in this countrie.  
As schawis weill be zow Senalogie,  
For thift and murther, reis and oppreliounis,  
With Suldis and Rukis, blasmit equalis  
As the auld armes of the Hammiltounis.

**A**nd quha wald seik, ane man but conscience,  
Ane Renegat for to deny his Creid,  
To tak ane pure man vnder his credence  
Synne cut his thior, and rounn out of his heid.  
To put ane hundreth for to beg thair bheid,  
And bring Just men vnto confusioun  
To do ane horrible, and ane vnwoythie deid,  
Seik neuer farther than ane Hammiltoun.

**A**ne midding tussour, but manheid at assay,  
Ane vailzeand ryanie, ane febill Campioun,  
Ane wyle with Child, that manfullie can slay,  
Ane nopsun mychtour, proude in opprelioun,  
Ane teinfull trauour of ryeche Successioun,  
To Crucifie Christ, that comys not a feg,  
I say to zow for schoyt conclusioun,  
Come neuer ane gude bypde of the Deuillis eg.

**H**ow horrible ze spylzeit vnder nyche  
In his awin hous, maist schamefull for till heit,  
Ane Robill Lord, James of Forphicen knyght,  
He can declair, gif ony man lyt spie.  
Ze left him not ane walse nor Dencir,  
Synne vnder trust, neir schot him, and his wylfe,  
And Tymothie wes in ane felloun seir,  
For praisit be God, thay chaipit with thair lyfe.

**O**ur Kingis Grandschir, at Lychquo feild ze flew,  
Baneit his gudechir, from his kynde heritage,  
His Fartheris murther also ze cleirly knew,  
Quhairfor hangit, ane wickit vassalage.  
Thir ar zow warkis, euen from zow firr barnage,  
God waik gif ze be Jalsps to hald in loir,  
Or bony bypdis to keip in to ane Cage,  
Christ keip our King out of zow handis heifoir.

**Z**e flew our Regit, beause his warkis wer gude,  
Quha was the Lampe of lyche in to this land,  
As houngrie ryeche, ze thristit for his blude,  
That saut zow, quhen ze wer in his hand. Au. 35.  
Quhen ze culd not resist his forcie wand, Sal. 5.  
Ane suichfast sentence, heifoir I fall zow tel Joa. 3.  
Pronounce be God, I lat zow vnderstand, Gen. 9.  
All murtherers thay sal inherit hell. Apo. 21.

**A**ne admonitioun to the assistaris, coun-  
sallaris, by lvaris, and Reioysaris in this  
maist Detestabill murther.

**N**ocht only thay, but all that sic assistis,  
Or forreits, or ony wayis mantenis,  
Incurris his Curie, now luke Gods buke quha  
For it is not mans Judgement sa that deims, (lis  
And quha that this four sentence small esteims,  
The ryme sal cum, that he sal weip and muerne,  
Quhen hiddeous hell with greuous glowd gleims,  
Baith body and saule for euer maie sal burne.

**M**oironer all thay of that Senalogie,  
And of that Surname, we mak thame Intimations,  
Thay salbe repute of this foule cryme gyltie  
Quha nocht compeiris to mak Purgatioun,  
Farther all thay, gexis consultatioun,  
Or thame assistis in to this fylethe fact  
And not compeiris to our Conuentioun,  
Thay salbe halbin pertakeris of this act.

**B**e war heifoir, and be effrayit of this,  
Lat sic ryeche trauouris defend thair awin curst canle,  
Synne not zow landis, and als the beuinitis blis,  
For be opefant to God, and mans Lawis,  
And be not flatterit with thair vaine wordis, sa  
For thay can not of this foule fact be clengit,  
Thocht ma wald wink, zit God yar all thing knawis  
He will not leif this vile work vntreungit.

**T**he erhortatioun to the Lordis and No-  
bilitie persewaris of this cruell Mur-  
ther, and Defendaris of our King.

**G**od sayis my Lords, he wil be aduersair, Psal. 5.  
To bludy boucheris, that stand of him na feir,  
My Lords, thir wordis suld curage zow far maie  
For the haill help of man baith far and neir.  
Fall to heifoir with blyth and mirrie cheir,  
We ar anew, thairfor beis vp zow barris,  
And fordwarts marche, sa fall we se and heir  
Quhar lurchand lubers will tak thir Lymmers parts

**T**hay sylde the feilds befor, quhe first pai sauchs  
Quhair tha for ane, wer aye in number thye,  
We trowie from thence, thay suld haif sittin saucht,  
And suld baif ryeche of all thair ryanie.  
Bot now allace, the contrare we may se,  
Our vaine pierie, hes maid vs this fals traine,  
Gods Curie thairfor lyche on thame all for me,  
That euer hes pietie or reuth on thame againe.

**G**if ze do nocht Reunge this fylethe fact  
Ze will be schamit, ze may weill vnderstand,  
And will be namit, ane fals and febill pack  
That euer rang in ony Realme or land.  
With curage heifoir, now be the baner sand,  
And wye for euer honour and Renoun,  
Do ze not this, ze ar ane baillfull band  
And seruis nocht ellis, but Goddis makefoun.

**F**or Gods Curie, his vengeance and maledictioun,  
Sal neuer from zow, nor fra zow seid depart,  
Ze sal sustene maist sorrowfull afflictioun,  
That euer tholde men, in ony land or airt.  
Sit haue harme sal happin to zow hart  
Gif this foule murther with silence be ouer past,  
Thir same trauouris sal mak zow sellis to smart  
And salbe zow distructioun at the last.

**A**nd gif sa hapnis, ze may ryeche weill consider  
This plaigne maist Justly, of Gods hands ze craif,  
Far better it is thairfor to ryeche togidder  
For to reunge the Murther with the laif.  
For Gods loir vzeich abone zow heidis to haif,  
For the ouerleing of sic a fylethe cryme  
For Gods plaigues appochis I persall,  
Gif ze prolong schoyt quhye and drift ouer tyme.

**F**all to thame fraklie, to fecht thay haif na faces,  
Persew thame peirtly, and ze sal se thame fle,  
Kune is thair glas, and gone now is thair graces,  
In to respect of this foule trauoie.  
And quha suppoitis thame, or dois forreite,  
I hope to God that is the heid of ballous,  
To se thame hyntit in handis haistlie,  
Synne hangit he, but grace vpon the Gallous.

**T**he makaris Erhortatioun to all men  
in Generall.

**A**mend zow lyues, and call on God for grace,  
Pray for zow King, with bartie Erhortatioun,  
Accept our sinnis, quhill we haif tyme and space  
Detest all vice, and foule adhomination.  
Than God sal gif vs confort and consolatioun,  
Pray for the Robill Quene of England  
Quha in our neid still sendis vs supportatioun,  
Our grace lang spere, may in gude weillfair stand.  
So be it.

**I**mprentit at Edinburgh be Robert  
Lekyzeuik. Anno Do. 1570.